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*F. Ross Carpenter*

# The Chimes





# CHIMES

RUNG BY THE

University District Herald



For the bells are ringing,  
The bells are ringing,  
Listen to the message in their chime.  
"You better be a Booster,  
Yes, be a better Booster,  
And boost a little better all the time."



BY  
ALICE ROLLIT COE

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## College

Where are you going, my pretty maid?  
"I'm going to college, Sir," she said.  
O, don't go there if you love your life,  
It will quite unfit you to be a wife.

"But I thought a woman's work was such

That a body could never know too much."

O, no, my child, it would never do;  
A man always knows enough for two.

"Then why was I given a mind? O say!"  
So you could change it from day to day.

" Well, then if I must marry, must I forego

All the wonderful things I long to know?"

Alas! my child, it is better so.

The maiden stood by the campus gate.  
Consider, before it is all too late;

A little Latin and Greek may prove  
An armor to turn the shaft of love.

Dan Cupid would be in no end of a panic

At the thought of a girl with a brain titanic.

He would scurry away with scant apology

If he found you coquetting with Old Psychology.

The more for ancient lore you yearn,  
The less of the lore of love you'll learn.

"But the world is so full of beautiful things!"

Yes, yes, my child, but Love has wings.  
He may flit away, long, long before

Your tiresome college days are o'er.  
Those capital letters that follow your name

Are proof it will ever remain the same.  
The more degrees from your Alma Ma-

ter,

The more degrees from Hymen later.  
So, pretty maiden, be warned, I pray,

From the paths of learning turn away.  
In one scale books,

In the other—a man!  
Hesitate, educate, then, if you can.

With a careless laugh, that mocked at fate,

The maiden that passed through the campus gate.

But passed she in?  
Or passed she out?

Well, you can decide for yourself, no doubt.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Babushka

A great presence has been in our midst.  
She came and spent a quiet day under

the shadow of the Chimes Tower.  
"Babushka" has been here.

And what was the message she brought?

An appeal for her beloved Russia?  
For the peasant,

Dulled by years of oppression?  
For the millions of children

Who need not only food to keep their bodies alive,

But even more, need teachers to keep their soul alive?

Yes.  
But something else.

The witness of unconquerable faith in God and humanity.

Half a life of exile?  
She never mentioned it.

The hardships and privations she had been through?

They were as though they had never been.

Russia and her great need,  
And the children, the children.

These were the things she talked of.  
Love and hope shone from her countenance.

Every selfish mean thought seemed to wither up in her presence.

The little, petty, fancied ills that we give house room

Scuttled away into dark corners like so many cockroaches.

And we feel, for a time at least,  
That they will never dare show their

ugly black faces again.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Say It With Flowers

"Say it with flowers!"

"Spring is in the air."

The snow of the cherry blossoms and  
the pink apple petals are spread for  
our delight.

Nature is saying it with flowers.

She might, perhaps, say it some other  
way.

The urge of life,  
The whipping up of dormant energies,  
The start of the new cycle,—  
She might, indeed, say it in sterner  
ways.

But no.

She chooses to say it with flowers.

And the maple is in tassel;

The star of the dogwood gleams among  
the firs and cedars;

The deep rose of the wild currant  
warms the shadowy places of the  
wood.

Nature will choose the beautiful way,  
And say it with flowers.

"In the spring the young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

He, too, will say it with flowers.

Flowers, the most delicate, the most  
beautiful of all the gifts of earth.

Beautiful, not only with a transient  
loveliness,

But with the promise of good things to  
be.

Say it with flowers, young man.

Not necessarily with costly hot-house  
orchids;

Send her a spray of apple blossoms at  
least,

Which means that some day you will  
buy the apples for those big, flaky  
pies she is going to make.

You can say anything with flowers.

But don't forget that later you will  
have to say it with flour.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Better Speech

Did you ever tuck a book into your  
pocket

And think to yourself that you would  
have a quiet half hour's study during  
the long ride to town?

If you did have to pay 6½ cents, you  
would get all you could for your  
money.

And then, just as you had settled your-  
self in a seat by the window and  
pulled out your book,

Two women came in, and took the seat  
behind you.

And begin to talk.

Well, you know the rest.

It happened just that way the other  
day.

I tried to concentrate on my book

But the voice in the rear was one of  
those—what do they call them?

O, yes, buzz-saw sopranos.

And there was no escape!

The recital of personal experiences,  
past, present and possible, was thrust  
upon my unwilling ears.

And then, suddenly, a sentence floated  
across to me—

No, it was fired across,

And brought me to attention like an  
order from a second lieutenant.

As for my book,

It might as well have been out of print.

I tried to grasp the meaning of the  
words I heard,

To analyze them, to take them apart  
to put them together again.

I clutched at them, but I might as well  
have clutched at fog.

I said them backward and forward

And then began in the middle and said  
them both ways;

But it was no use.

These were the words.—

"It don't look like it hardly did."

It was Better Speech week, too.

That may be the reason that I became  
obsessed with the desire to make  
sense out of that senseless sentence.

I tried to come to satisfactory terms  
with it.

I tried to forget it.

But it haunts me still.

If you, or anyone else can parse that  
sentence,

Please send it to the Lost and Found  
column of the Herald.

No. If you want a quiet place to read,  
Take your book to the library or to  
a bench in the park.

You may think it pays to spend 6½  
cents for a quiet half-hour.

But—

It don't look like it hardly did.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Questionnaires

O yes, we each of us took a surreptitious peep at the Edison questionnaire,  
Just to see if we could answer a few,  
And each of us got a little jolt, eh?  
We immediately began to question the value of questionnaires in general  
And Edison questionnaires in particular.  
Are we not subject to this plague of questions from earliest infancy?  
Somebody is always trying to find out how much we know,  
When it would be to their advantage and ours to let the matter rest.  
What is the bane of school life?  
Not learning, but examinations.  
So, we would be happy enough in this old world,  
If they would only let us study and enjoy it  
And judge us by our fruits,  
Not the facts that we can muster on call.  
A fig for their facts!  
What is a fact, anyway?  
Why, everybody knows that the most fictitious things in the world are facts.  
A fact depends so much on the point of view.  
The Good Book says, Get Wisdom, Get Understanding,

But the world says, Get the Facts!  
They can't measure wisdom, nor weigh understanding,  
So, they judge a man by the bits of bric-a-brac he has on display.  
Who cares how high the tide runs in the Bay of Fundy?  
We need all our wits to keep tab on the rise of the tide of taxes.  
"Where do prunes come from?"  
They come from the place where questionnaires are made.  
What makes us hate to go to school? Questions.  
What makes us afraid to go home? Questions.  
What makes us shun society? Questions.  
What makes us afraid to die? Questions.  
By the way, who are our friends?  
The people who do not question us.  
That is all there is to falling in love.  
Two persons meet, and take each other for granted.  
It is such a delightful sensation, that they decide to take each other for life.  
And straightway rush off and get married.  
And fancy they have done with questions.  
Poor fools!

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Reconstruction

Reconstruction.  
Just fourteen letters in that word.  
Just fourteen points in President Wilson's peace terms.  
Those peace terms mean just that—  
Reconstruction.  
A big word.  
Not easily understood.  
It will take years to understand those peace terms in all their breadth.  
Reconstruction.  
A building anew.  
The world re-made.  
There is work for everyone.  
But thank God the eternal foundations are there on which to build.  
Right.  
Justice.  
Mercy.  
Let the treaty be written on the heart of men this time.  
Not on a scrap of paper."

MAY B. KNOTT.



## Puzzles For Parents

"Puzzles for Parents" would be a good title for a book that we wish someone would write.

It used to be easy to be a Parent. At least we knew how to proceed. There were certain convenient conventions.

And then there was a generally accepted theory that children had to be trained

And a fairly reasonable hope that the average child would react favorably to that training.

But times have changed, Whether human nature has or not. We must mend our methods.

We are groping about in the dark, clutching at this thing and that, Seeking for some key to that baffling mystery,

The heart of a child.

It used to be supposed that quiet, and sane surroundings were the best conditions for the unfolding of child nature,—

And plenty of sunshine, of course.

But apartment houses and movies offer little peace and quiet.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

Yes, but in too much experiment there is peril.

There used to be a few good old things to tie to,

Like obedience, politeness, and so forth; But self-determination seems to have the right of way just now.

It may be all right, but isn't there too much "self" and too little "deter?"

Yes, it keeps an honest parent busy these days,

Trying out each new theory.

Another text comes to mind.

"And while I was busy, the Child escaped."

MAY B. KNOTT.

## The Poet

At last the poet has come into his own. In the list of those engaged in essential industries

We find the Poet.

Of course he is tossed in with a lot of common folk

Farmers, bricklayers and what not.

But the great out-standing fact is He is There.

After all these centuries of mere suffering,

Looked at askance by busy people, Tolerated as an ornamental but scarcely necessary adjunct of civilization,

A pleasant enough sort of fellow to passed an idle hour with between drives,

Now he is really accorded a place in the scheme of things.

Why, even the Socialists with their plans for work for everybody and everybody at work,

Even they, really, couldn't see where the poet came in.

Homer and Milton and Shakespeare are well enough,

But they are too far off to get on one's nerves.

And now, at this time of crisis, When the slogan is—"Work or fight",

Now, when if ever dreamers might be supposed to be at a discount,

Poets are billeted with essential workers.

How has this recognition come about? Men have ever been impatient with

what they deemed the impractical. Behold, this dreamer cometh!" cried the

self-seeking shepherd brethren, And they sold him into Egypt.

But the dreamer was a man of vision, And it was to him

They had to turn in time of dearth. The poets of today have claimed no

exemption.

They laid aside the pen and went singing to the front.

The beloved Rupert Brooke and a knightly few have already taken the long trail "West".

Our own Alan Seeger has gone, And now Joyce Kilmer.

Others will arise. We need the seers as well as the doers.

Works may sometimes fail, But when the vision perisheth

Then is the time of fear.

MAY B. KNOTT.



## Air

Trifles light as air,  
That is the theme of my meditation.  
How often have you looked out into the  
night and said,  
"There is nothing there."  
Nothing?  
There is the air!  
The terrible air!  
Did you not feel it touch your cheek  
softly like a caress?  
And yet, how many nights have you  
wakened to hear its fierce roar,  
And feel the mighty gusts tearing at  
the very foundations of your dwell-  
ing.  
Nothing but air!  
The soft breath of Heaven!  
Have you not stood on some promon-  
tory and watched the sea lashed to  
fury by the wind?  
Have you not heard the shuddering  
crash of timber  
As some mighty tree went down before  
the sweep of the hurricane?  
The "impalpable air."  
What a power is this silent, unseen,  
untouched thing.  
We begin to live with our first breath.

We die when we can no longer draw on  
this mysterious force.  
The breath of life, we call it.  
It laughs, gathers itself together, lets  
loose its strength,  
And it becomes the breath of death.  
Man has tamed the earth and chained  
the lightning.  
He rides upon the sea or under it at  
will.  
Now, he boasts in his folly that he has  
conquered the air.  
The air! that gave him life but to rob  
him of it at last.  
The air! that moves his sails,  
And drives upon him the waves that  
drown him.  
The air that brings the summer rain  
to nourish his fields,  
And harries the ripened grain with hail  
stones.  
King of the air?  
The all-pervading, all-encompassing  
air?  
The wind that "bloweth where it list-  
eth?"  
Then is he king indeed.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Thanksgiving Day

Once upon a time, a few colonists,  
Facing a wilderness,  
Menaced by savages,  
Cut off forever from their home land,  
Facing a future lightened only by their  
undaunted hope,  
Proclaimed a Day of Thanksgiving.  
The ideal for which they suffered and  
endured  
Dominates the world today.  
The flag that symbolizes the full  
flowering of that ideal  
Floats in starry beauty in every hem-  
isphere.  
In silence more eloquent than a thous-  
and Liberty Bells,  
It proclaims liberty to all people.  
Old Glory!  
Amid the clustering flags it shines;  
Over lands redeemed,  
Over nations pledged henceforth  
To Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood.  
Bearing witness to the sublime faith  
of the Pilgrim Fathers.  
A faith of which this Thanksgiving  
season is the glorious fruition.

MAY B. KNOTT.



## Stove Pipes

It's time to start the furnace fire,  
 The days are growing chill;  
 These early fogs and rains don't tend  
 To cut the fuel bill  
 And Father groans to think of it  
 As he sits down to sup.  
 He ought to thank his stars he has  
 No stove-pipes to put up.  
 Don't you remember, long ago,  
 How Mother used to say,  
 "It's getting cool, we'd better put  
 The stove-pipes up today."  
 And then they'd drag the heavy stove  
 Into the sitting room  
 And call the hired girl to bring  
 The dust pan and the broom.  
 And maw, she'd tell us kids to scoot,  
 And take the cat and pup,  
 And keep from underfoot, so Paw  
 Could put the stove-pipes up.  
 Then Paw, he'd set the stove in place  
 And get the pipes all ready,  
 And climb up on a kitchen chair  
 While Maw, she'd hold it steady.  
 Then Paw, he'd wrastle with the pipes  
 And turn 'em every way;  
 And yank and twist the elbows round  
 And jam his thumb and say,  
 "Doggone!" "If you'd of minded me  
 When you took 'em down last spring,"  
 Maw'd say, "they'd go together now,  
 Easy as anything.  
 You would not get them all mixed up,  
 And swear and get so vexed,  
 If you'd marked the first one. 'No. 1,'  
 And all the others. 'Next.'"  
 The modern man may have a drop  
 Of wormwood in his cup,  
 But let him thank his stars there are  
 No stove-pipes to put up.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Leap Year

The Sockeye Salmon run every four  
 years,  
 So do the bachelors;  
 Or they pretend to.  
 I think they rather pride themselves on  
 being pursued.  
 But they are really relieved to have  
 the burden of choice taken off their  
 shoulders.  
 I should think it would be a pleasant  
 change for a man  
 Not to have to pick out a wife,  
 But to be picked.  
 You know how much trouble men have  
 Making up their minds  
 Which girl in the "rosebud garden of  
 girls"  
 They really want.  
 It is Mary's curl,  
 And Helen's eyebrow,  
 And Emily's shell-like ear,  
 Bessie is such a dear girl,  
 Marion is a good pal,  
 Jane is a beauty—  
 And so it goes.  
 I do not believe they ever do make up  
 theirs minds;  
 They just make a grab, and the nearest  
 girl is It.  
 Suppose things were reversed,  
 And the girls given the three year  
 term.  
 And leap year left to the men.  
 Perhaps, if misses had the mating,  
 There would not be so much mismating.  
 And the vital statistics might be better  
 reading.  
 A woman usually knows her own mind,  
 anyway.  
 She knows good matrimonial timber  
 when she sees it.  
 Nine times out of ten she would pick  
 the right man.  
 She would not worry about his eye-  
 brows or his ears.  
 Some of these nervous bachelors who  
 talk about going into retreat during  
 leap year  
 Might get the surprise of their lives.  
 It would be perfectly safe for them to  
 be aboard after curfew,  
 For nobody would see them in broad  
 daylight,  
 Much less after dark.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Padding

After all, the biggest part of life is largely padding.

Essentials are there, of course, but how few and how small they are if we strip them of their padding.

You may square your shoulders and face the fact—

But most of the "square" is padding.

The display in the windows of the big stores—

What is it but padding?

We don't go down town to buy those lace-bespangled gowns,

Or the expensive trifles spread out so alluringly before our eyes.

No. We pass them all up and take the elevator to the second floor (or the basement

And buy double-heeled stockings for Willie, rompers for the baby, or perhaps enough calico for a kitchen apron.

But it is human nature to spend our dollar at the store that has a thousand dollar window display.

It is a well-known principle of dietetics that we must eat more than mere food elements.

We must have bulk.

The alimentary canal must be kept busy.

Incidentally, the body absorbs enough nourishment to sustain life,—

Padding again.

The political orators who are let loose upon us just now, work on the same principle.

They dare not give us only cold facts.

They put plenty of warm padding in to make us feel comfortable.

Yes, we must have bulk and plenty of it, if we are to digest the political meat offered for our consumption.

The mass of the people must have something to talk about.

Incidentally, enough power is generated to keep the world going.

And Society—Ah, here is where padding becomes a fine art!

Small-talk, expensive gowns, dinner-parties,

Reserved space in the society column, Are they not all just so many cleverly adjusted layers of cotton batting?

And for the political climber, a handsome house.

You can't make Front Porch speeches from the fourth-story window of an apartment house.

Blessed be padding.

Padding, that saves us many a hard knock;

Padding, that takes the jar out of our little flivver;

That makes us poor, lean mortals look as if we belonged to the Stuffed Club.

Woe to the man who would grind life down to essentials;

Who would give us the naked truth;

Who would jerk our comfortable cushions from under us

And leave us not even a rubber tire to ease the jolts;

Who would strip us of all illusions and lash our bare shoulders with facts, facts.

What is the end of that man?

The padded cell.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Income Tax

Henry had an Income Tax.

It grew and grew and grew.

And everywhere that Henry went,

That Income Tax went too.

It followed him to town by day,

It shadowed him by night,

And never for one little hour

Let Henry out of sight.

What makes the Tax chase Henry so?

The pitying neighbors cry.

So Henry'll learn to chase himself,

The assessor doth reply.

Observe the mad gyrations

Of the little sportive pup,

Who still pursues his latter end,

And never catches up.

So Henry and the Income Tax

Keep up the merry race.

And we may follow if we will,

While Henry sets the pace.

MAY B. KNOTT.





## Safety Week

Last week was Safety Week, you know,  
 And Reginald was wary;  
 He watched his step, or high or low,  
 He drove his car most awful slow,—  
 But he didn't count on Mary.  
 He'd Stop, Look, Listen, left and right,  
 He played safe; he was chary  
 Of taking risks by day or night;  
 Alas for him, the luckless wight!  
 He never thought of Mary.  
 Whene'er he crossed the railroad track  
 He made sure there was nary  
 A freight car just about to back;  
 Of caution Reggie showed no lack—  
 Except concerning Mary.  
 He never dropped a cigarette  
 Half-burned; on the contrary,  
 No safety rule did he forget,  
 He kept them every one, and yet,  
 It seems he forgot Mary.  
 O Reginald played safe, my dear,  
 But if some little fairy  
 Had only chanced to wander near  
 To whisper softly in his ear,  
 "Take care! Beware! of Mary!"  
 Now Reginald is full of Pep  
 But April ways are airy.  
 He kept repeating, "Hep" and "Hep."  
 But oh, it's hard to watch your step  
 When you step out with Mary.  
 The end is easy to fortell.  
 'Tis quite unnecessary  
 On harrowing details to dwell;  
 Suffice to say that Reggie fell—  
 O yes—he fell for Mary.  
 His reasons there's no need to state,  
 They very seldom vary;  
 But if you wish to learn his fate  
 (I think she set an early date)  
 Just put two R's in Mary.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## The Seattle Spirit

Whom do you think I met yesterday  
 down on Pioneer Square?  
 I could hardly believe my eyes.  
 I thought it must be a stray bit of fog  
 clinging about the Totem Pole.  
 But no.  
 It was the Seattle Spirit.  
 Just as I passed he turned and looked  
 at me.  
 "Why, May B. Knott," he cried.  
 "Don't you remember me?"  
 "Indeed I do," I exclaimed.  
 I said I remembered him all too well.  
 I asked him where he had been keep-  
 ing himself;  
 Why he had gone off and left us when  
 we needed him most.  
 He gave a little laugh and twirled  
 round on one toe.  
 (He is just as much a boy as ever.)  
 "O, they seemed to think they could  
 get along without me—  
 I thought I'd just take a little vacation.  
 You know they worked me pretty hard  
 for awhile."  
 I told him that he was mistaken.  
 We could not get along without him for  
 a day.  
 I said if he had not gone off we would  
 never have had things balled up this  
 way.  
 The shipping—  
 "O my ships," he cried.  
 I have dreamed of them for years.  
 I have seen the masts clustered thick  
 in the harbor.  
 I have watched them in my dreams,  
 Great ships a-building,  
 Coming and going,  
 Carrying the fame of my beloved city  
 to the world's end."  
 "It will be nothing but a dream," I  
 said,  
 "Unless you come back."  
 The ways are silent,  
 The keels unfinished,  
 The masts unlifted.  
 Well, I hope you have come to stay.  
 Seattle never needed you as she does  
 today."  
 He smiled a big Uncle Sam smile.  
 "I am within hail."  
 If they want me, let them call.  
 But it must be unanimous."  
 And I found myself staring at the To-  
 tem Pole.  
 He had gone as suddenly as he had  
 come.  
 I wondered—  
 Will they call him?

MAY BE KNOTT.

## Buttons

Button, button, who's got the button?  
Well, we have all got the button.  
But I'd rather get Central.  
It is pretty hard,  
Just as we are recovering from the  
strain of computing the income tax,  
They spring the Automatic Phone.  
I should say install.  
It stalls us sure enough.  
And suppose it does not work?  
We punch and turn everything a dozen  
times,  
Till our brain begins to spin,  
And we long to lay hands upon some-  
one.  
Well, it will do no good to rave.  
No one cares a button.  
I do not know that I favor this auto-  
matic trend.  
This elimination of the human factor.  
Buttons, buttons everywhere,  
And no one near to think.

Little Emily said she had a new dress  
with buttons behind and buttons be-  
front.  
And that is our case exactly.  
We save time and trouble at the expense  
of neighborliness.  
Some day we will live in a box,  
As man once lived in a hollow tree,  
Solitary, but satisfied,  
With buttons behind and buttons be-  
front.  
I wonder if we will be happier than  
when we had to get out and scratch  
for a living.  
But there is one thing still untouched  
by change  
In this era of the omnipresent button;  
A man still has to have some buttons  
sewed on,  
And it takes a wife to do that.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Pep

A college education is a very handy  
thing,  
When you face life's great arena and  
your hat is in the ring;  
But something more is needed e'er the  
trophies home you bring,  
That's PEP.  
There's the slow, hard-working fellow  
that they call the College Grind.  
He's a fine, concrete example of the  
steady-going kind.  
He knows enough to beat them all,  
but fails, because his mind  
Lacks Pep.  
We are all of us acquainted with the  
easy-going chap,  
He can't see honest work, because he's  
looking for a snap.  
We know why fortune's favors never  
tumble in his lap—  
No Pep.  
You may be very foolish, or you may  
be very wise.  
It really doesn't matter, so long as in  
you lies  
The one and only gift that will enable  
you to rise,  
That's PEP.  
If you would always scramble out when  
you are in a fix,  
If you would play the game of life, and  
always take the tricks,  
In short, to win! in everything, you  
must be sure to mix  
Some PEP!

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Independence Day

Independence Day.  
 Once it was the Great Experiment.  
 When men stood up,  
 And reverently said,  
 We will govern ourselves.  
 The Great Experiment.  
 But it stood the test.  
 And the world looked on and wondered.  
 As time passed they said,  
 "If America can do it—  
 Why cannot we?"  
 Now the testing time has come to  
 them also.  
 America learned that one word.  
 Independence.  
 Now she must put one more syllable in  
 it—  
 Interdependence.  
 We can stand alone,  
 But in another sense we cannot stand  
 alone.  
 A man must first find himself,  
 Then he must find others.  
 If Independence was a hard saying,  
 Interdependence is harder.  
 But it must be learned.  
 Today we salute the heroes who, in the  
 past, wrote Independence in our cal-  
 endar,  
 Let us also salute those heroes of the  
 New Day, who will write in the  
 world calendar, in letters of gold,  
 the great day of World Brotherhood.  
 MAY B. KNOTT.

## Women Jurors

One scarcely realizes how far reaching  
 will be the effects of woman suf-  
 frage,  
 Not only in political, but in civic and  
 educational affairs.  
 All over this wide land of ours,  
 Women may vote.  
 Will she pull a steady oar?  
 Or will she rock the boat?  
 Even in domestic life this problem is  
 causing anxiety.  
 It has always been conceded that the  
 home was woman's sphere,  
 But that was when she worked on the  
 inside.  
 Working on the home from the outside  
 is another thing.  
 The world is beginning to rub its eyes.  
 Woman's work is to keep the hearth  
 fire burning,  
 But we do not wish her to apply the  
 torch.  
 Now, women jurors are all very well—  
 On a mixed jury.  
 They help to mix it.  
 But a jury composed entirely of wo-  
 men—  
 That is a packed jury.  
 A sad commentary on such a situation  
 came to our attention a few days ago.  
 A mere man indulged in that old, that  
 time honored pastime of beating his  
 wife.  
 He learned that he was to be tried by  
 a jury of women.  
 He took to the woods and hid for days,  
 Without food or shelter,  
 Till, at last, he was found by his dis-  
 tracted family,  
 And welcomed back into the bosom of  
 the home  
 That had so nearly been broken up  
 By the biased verdict of such a jury.  
 He realized the force of Kipling's  
 line:—  
 "The female of the species is more  
 deadly than the male,"  
 And he took no chances.  
 The law reads that a man must be  
 tried  
 By a jury of his peers.  
 But—  
 A jury of women!  
 To try a wife beater!  
 What a travesty of justice!  
 What Verdict could they bring in but  
 "Guilty?"  
 Some of them, no doubt, were married  
 women, with husbands of their own  
 to keep in subjection.  
 Would they dare to say, "Not Guilty?"  
 MAY B. KNOTT.



## Elliott Bay

They met in a little country hotel.  
The Man from Tacoma and the Man  
from Seattle.  
The Man from Tacoma was talking.  
He did not notice the Man from Seattle.  
He was extolling the beauties of Com-  
mencement Bay.  
Which was praiseworthy.  
He expatiated on the fine, natural har-  
bor; its depth and extent; and the  
facilities for making Tacoma a great  
world port.  
Everyone was interested.  
Finally, The Man from Tacoma said,  
"Now, over at Seattle, they have no  
such natural harbor as we have.  
All the harbor they have there, they  
had to dredge out."  
Right here is where they met.  
The Man from Seattle did not wait to  
be introduced.  
He simply boiled over.  
As a citizen of Seattle of twenty years'  
standing, he had a few facts to im-  
part,  
And he waded right into the harbor  
question.  
He did a little dredging on his own ac-  
count.  
If the Man from Tacoma is not able  
to think deeply after this,  
It will be his own fault.  
Dredge it out did they?

Well, we always knew our pioneers  
were a hard working lot, and did  
big things,  
But this is a new one on us.  
It must have kept them pretty busy.  
We know now why those first white  
people sat down on a log and cried.  
They were thinking of the work ahead  
of them before the Decatur could be  
run into port.  
But look at the good job they made of  
it.  
Five miles across from West Point  
Light to Alki Point,  
And deep enough to dump Denny Hill  
into—  
And never know it was there!  
Rather mean of us to sluice our super-  
fluous hills into the bay, after all  
the trouble they had dredging it out.  
There ought to be a bell-buoy or some-  
thing out there in memory of them.  
Yes, it is quite time Seattle waked up  
and did a little talking.  
And keep at it!  
For there are some people like that  
Man from Tacoma;  
If you do dredge out their minds long  
enough to get a few facts afloat,  
They just fill up with silt,  
And the whole thing has to be done  
again.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Article X

Article X is the queerest thing!  
The League was making good time,  
when—Bing!  
Someone discovered Article Ten,  
Dragged it into the light, and then  
The whole thing had to be done again.  
A League of Nations is pretty talk,  
But Article Ten made Congress balk,  
Senator Johnson tore his hair—  
"This is the Crux of the whole af-  
fair—"  
And matters came to a stand right  
there.  
And after several conversations,  
Everybody made reservations;  
The Treaty was combed with a fine  
tooth comb,  
No wonder it never could feel at home  
Under the old Congressional dome.  
The Administration, with smile benign,  
Wonders when Congress is going to  
sign.  
Of all sad things in human ken,  
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest, it seems, is Article Ten.

MAY B. KNOTT.



## Co' Boss

"Co' Boss, Co' Boss, Co' Boss, Co' Boss."

The old familiar call  
Has echoed all along the years  
'Way back to Adam's fall.  
But now the poor old cow must go,  
For Henry Ford has told us so.  
How altered everything will be,  
How keen the sense of loss,  
To hear no more across the fields,  
"Co' Boss, Co' Boss, Co' Boss."  
We dream about the dear old farm,  
The dazzle and the dross  
Of City ways, how stale! beside  
"Co' Boss, Co' Boss, Co' Boss."  
But poor old bossy has to go,  
For Henry Ford has told us so.  
He says she costs too much to run,  
She's outworn, anyhow;  
Science will find a substitute  
For the time-honored cow.  
Perhaps they will mix up some dope,  
But we might ask them whether  
We'll have to substitute for shoes  
Tin cans in place of leather?  
The farm ain't what it used to be,  
Old Dobbin's day is done;  
And now the cow is banished, too.  
I ask you, where's the fun  
In motorizing everything?  
Too soon will come the hour  
When nothing but a woman's tongue  
Will run by its own power.  
Beside the ancient spinning-wheel  
By which we set such store,  
We'll place the lowly milking-stool,  
It's working days are o'er.  
It will become an heirloom, too.  
We'll tell our children how  
We sat upon the three-legged thing,  
To milk the gentle cow.  
Perhaps they'll laugh,  
Or look quite bored,  
Or say, Hurrah for Henry Ford!

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Seattle

Seattle in the lime light!  
Seattle a world city!  
Of course, we who loved her in her  
youth knew it all the time.  
We felt that it must be—sometime.  
Not in our life-time, but—sometime.  
And now, suddenly, Seattle is the heart  
of the world.  
Not London, with its age-long tradi-  
tions;  
Not Paris, with its loveliness.  
Not Berlin, the main spring of the  
most highly organized nation on  
earth.  
Not Venice, with its dreams of centuries.  
Not New York, the self sufficient.  
Not all-conquering Chicago.  
Not the City of the Golden Gate,  
But Seattle, only a short half-century  
remove from the wilderness.  
Founded by a handful of dreams.  
And the dreamers?  
The vision of today was ever before  
them.  
They came not to build a hamlet.  
They knew they were laying the cor-  
ner-stone of a metropolis.  
Therefore, they laid the foundations  
broad and deep.  
With sublime faith they founded—  
A mill? a factory?  
No. A University.  
Today the Chimes ring out over a beau-  
tiful campus and the noble group of  
buildings that cluster around old  
Denny Hall.  
Can anyone measure the power gener-  
ated by the dreams of that little band  
of pioneers?  
Now the eyes of the world are on Se-  
attle.  
The call has come to a great patriotic  
duty.  
When has such a challenge been thrown  
to any city?  
Democracy is in the balance.  
The world needs ships.  
The great Northwest must build them.  
The appeal to the Seattle Spirit shall  
not be in vain.  
The call is to every man, woman and  
child.  
We live in "A city set on a hill, whose  
light cannot be hid."  
Let us "highly resolve:"  
Our city shall be clean.  
Our city shall be united.  
Our city shall be ready.  
We will fall in behind Old Glory.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## The Yakima Strike

Yakima breaks into the limelight with  
a grave diggers' strike!

Now, if it had been Tacoma it would  
not seem so strange.

They have had to bury so many things  
over there,

That the grave diggers must be tired.  
But we always thought of Yakima as  
a busy little burg.

The land of long life and the big potato.  
Then, on the face of it, a grave dig-  
gers' strike is absurd,

If graves are going up—or should we  
say down—50%.

Why, we will go on strike too.

Not, as the old verse has it,

"For the green graves of our sires,"

But for our own.

If a few earnest-minded citizens would  
agree to fight this thing,

It would end a grave situation.

Boycott all grave diggers, I say.

It surely is enough to combat the high  
cost of living,

Without having to face the high cost  
of dying.

Rather than meet this raise in graves

We will stay on top a while longer and  
fight the sugar trust and all the rest.

We don't want any profiteers shed  
over us.

Who wants their old graves anyway?

That is one thing we can very well do  
without.

He laughs best who laughs last.

They will find themselves with a lot  
of graves on their hands,

And they will have to wear them them-  
selves.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## A Farewell Token

Aw, shure, little token,

'Tis only your jokin',

You'd never be leavin', my dear.

We're just gettin' to know ye,

And now we must throw ye

Away for the new wans, I hear.

The three-cornered hole in

Your face was consolin',

'Twas the same, and it whistled wan  
chune.

But this crescent, begorra!

They're handin' tomorrow,

Who knows it won't wax like the moon?

This fixin' of prices

Just throwin' at dice is,

They always swing fur'ard not back;

To make the cars run

Shure we'll find 'fore we're done,

It takes something more than a track.

Shure nobody sits now,

We're payin' two-bits now

For only four throws at the strap;

And soon we'll be gettin'

Wan less as a settin'

And landin' in somebody's lap.

This railway we're buyin',

Ochone, but it's tryin'!

Empty pockets, that's all that it shows.

Like the hole in the doughnut,

The longer we own it,

'Tis the bigger the emptiness grows.

There's no use in grievin'.

I'm sorry you're leavin';

But there's wan thing I can't under-  
stand—

I'm tryin' to figger,

If the crescent grows bigger,

Is it fares or dee-ficits expand?

MAY B. KNOTT.





## The Simple Life

I wonder why it does not rain.  
 Every morning the clouds obscure the sun,  
 And the tourists can't see the mountains,  
 And they make remarks about it.  
 And we try to convince them that we really have mountains.  
 They try to be polite,  
 But they look bored and unbelieving.  
 We couldn't see the eclipse of the sun.  
 And there was an eclipse of the moon early the other morning,  
 And we couldn't see that, either.  
 It is getting hot and dusty.  
 We thought Mayor Hanson was going to do something about the street car service,  
 And that we would be able to get a seat once more,  
 And not have to pay five cents for the privilege of being tossed about in the aisle  
 Holding on to a strap with one hand  
 And to a knitting bag full of packages with the other,  
 While we side-step heavy boots  
 And dodge hatpins.  
 But there is no help in sight,  
 So we fled to the country for a day's rest.  
 To a real farm where they lead the simple life.  
 It had not rained there, either.  
 Corn and spuds were holding their own  
 But the oats were only half grown,  
 And the wheat field looked like an uncut lawn.  
 It turned out to be quite an exciting day at the farm.  
 As many as two women came to buy butter, and there was only a pound apiece for them,  
 And a man came to buy the pig.  
 It was a fine pig, four months old,  
 And he paid down five dollars and said he would come back in the morning with the rest of the money and get the pig.  
 Well, that kept us stirred up all day,

And just as we sat down to supper  
 He came.  
 He was leading a calf,  
 And he said the calf had run away and he had chased it  
 And lost his pocket-book.  
 There was seventy-five dollars in it,  
 But when he put his hand in his hip pocket to pull out his wallet to pay for the pig,  
 His money was gone.  
 He offered a check for eleven dollars,  
 But a farmer always shies at a check.  
 So he went back up the road to the place where he had the slight difference with the calf,  
 And sure enough, he found his pocket-book just where it fell when he jumped for the calf.  
 And he came back and paid for the pig and took it away.  
 He took the calf, too.  
 And the incident was closed.  
 And everybody was satisfied.  
 But I couldn't help wondering  
 How he managed the calf and the pig.  
 If he ever got home with them.  
 Or if he is going yet;  
 Tying up the calf to chase the pig,  
 And then tying up the pig to chase the calf.  
 And I worried about it.  
 And I couldn't sleep that night, and so  
 I came home, where it is nice and quiet  
 And we do not have to watch the oats grow,  
 For we know we can get some at the grocereria.  
 Of course, we are busy in town, and we make some noise about it.  
 But there are not so many vital things, after all,  
 And we do not feel as if our lives depended on them, anyway.  
 I am afraid the strain of the simple life would prove too much for most of us.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Comets

Comets and their tails have always been a favorite subject of speculation among scientists.

Why do comets have tails?

What do they do with them?

Well, what would they do without them?

Many years ago so learned a man as Sir Isaac Newton ventured the opinion That the tails of comets supplied moisture to the earth, and stimulated the growth of plant life.

Not so long ago we were all scared to death by a story of a comet with a poison gas tail,

That was coming right at us.

One switch of its tail over the earth, And that would be the end of us.

Well, it missed us, somehow.

But suppose someone had stepped on the gas?

And so we go on guessing about comets and their troublesome tails.

We are used to the fixed stars.

We can keep tab on the planets as they make their little round trips on schedule time.

But the harum-scarum comets with their swallow tails,

Maybe they are young stars sowing their wild oats,

Or they may play the role of the jazz band in the music of the spheres.

The very latest aerial advices are to the effect that comets' tails carry disease germs.

And thereby hangs a tale.

But we should worry.

Maybe comets have tails for the same reason dogs have tails,

So they can wag 'em.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Alarmists

Alas! for the man who is always at hand

"To view with alarm" any project that's planned.

To tell us the country will go to the dogs,

Unless politicians quit rolling the logs.

If the democrats will, if the democrats wont—

If we swallow the X in the League—if we don't—

If the country goes wet, or the country goes dry—

From his point of view it will still go awry.

All sorts and all sizes of hobgoblins crouch

In the dolorous path of the man with the grouch.

Election is over. The women have voted.

The prices are falling, (unless they're misquoted.)

The troublesome League with its cross little X

Has ceased to torment us; it power to vex

Has passed like the passing of all bugaboos.

But what does it matter to one who still "views

With alarm" the whole trend of this broad universe;

Happen what will, he expects something worse.

Yet, someone might tell him, with perfect impunity,

HE'S the worst that could happen in any community.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Voices

It was after sunset.  
 I walked slowly to enjoy the peace and  
 beauty of the evening hour.  
 I passed a modest home,  
 One of the favorite bungalow type.  
 Rose vines covered the porch.  
 Below, big Shasta daisies grouped  
 themselves,—  
 A white sisterhood.  
 My glance lingered on the place.  
 A type of our dear American home,  
 thought I.  
 Simple and sweet.  
 A glad place to come after a days  
 work.  
 Who would exchange it for—  
 But my musings were rudely checked.  
 A voice floated out—  
 Floated? No—thrust itself into the  
 still air  
 Like a tongue of hot flame.  
 "Not once—  
 In the nine years since I married you—  
 Not once have I had my turn—  
 And you know it!"  
 Eavesdropping?  
 Oh, no, I was way out on the sidewalk.  
 I could have heard her across the  
 street.  
 A withering voice that scorched every-  
 thing it touched.  
 I hurried away.  
 I forgot the roses and the white daisies.  
 I saw only the ashes-of-roses of a  
 burned out love.  
 The white embers of the home fires.  
 What of beauty, what of romance could  
 live  
 Under the searing blight of that voice?  
 It must have been such a voice  
 That moved the sage of old to write:—  
 It is better to dwell alone upon the  
 housetop  
 Than in a wide house with a brawling  
 woman.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## A Pipeless Furnace

My neighbor tells me they are going  
 to install a pipeless furnace in their  
 new home.

Now what do you know about that?  
 They have the heat so well trained that  
 it will come up through the registers  
 without being personally conducted.

No more need we bump our heads on  
 the pipes that stretch out like the  
 arms of a giant octopus.

And that fact will promote a swearless  
 day.

Of course, we know that heat rises,  
 It will seek the upper rooms unless the  
 coal man leaves the basement win-  
 dow open.

Then it will find the easiest way out.  
 So, good luck to the pipeless furnace,  
 I say.

It is all in line with the present day  
 tendency.

This is the era of direct action,  
 We like short cuts.

We eliminate non-essentials,  
 We already have wireless telegraphy,  
 And smokeless powder,

And the spineless cactus—

Always getting rid of some interfering  
 feature.

Some even try a churchless religion.

They say, "We can worship in the field  
 or in the woods as well as in a  
 church."

But, as a dear old minister used to  
 say—

"You can, but do you?"

However, the pipeless furnace makes  
 its appeal.

Now, if we could only install a pipeless  
 husband in the home—

Even one that consumed his own  
 smoke—

It might pay to do it.

MAY B. KNOTT.



## The Flu

Last year it was the German measles,  
And now it is the Spanish influenza.  
I wish those furrin' microbes would  
keep their heads down.  
No more get together movements and  
community sings.  
It is a fine time for canning.  
But no one can complain while the sun  
shines as it does.  
We can do some of the things we have  
put off till a rainy day.  
We have the extra time and the sun-  
shine as well.  
But, oh, to be a small boy now!  
That would be to drain the cup of joy—  
Unless we should "catch it."  
Over in Portland they have not even  
closed the movies.  
But a sneeze is enough to bring a quiet  
request that you leave the theatre.  
Incidentally, your money is refunded.  
For a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon,  
all you would have to do would be to  
watch the film till the last thrill  
crept down your spine.  
Then sneeze!

Take your dismissal, (and your money,)   
Hie to the movie round the corner and  
repeat the performance.  
Easy.  
But, alas! there is no such luck here.  
All we can do is to stand and look at  
the billboards,  
Get what fun we can out of them—till  
it is time to sneeze,  
Then move on to the next.  
Coming at the same time as this of-  
fensive move of the Hun, it rather  
complicates matters.  
How are we going to get together and  
talk about that Liberty Loan?  
But, after all, it is not talking that  
will do it.  
It is time for a little quiet thinking  
right now.  
That is just what the Spanish influenza  
is giving us.  
A little time to think whether we can  
buy a bigger bond.  
If so, let her flu!  
Kerchoo!

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Lamb Chops

The price of beef upon the hoof  
Is small, they say, but what's the  
proof?  
The price of beef upon the block—  
Ah, that's the price that gives the shock.  
The little lamb in sportive play,  
Upon the meadows all the day—  
Ah, little does the lambkin ken  
How dear he is to mortal men.  
As on the hoof he prances 'round,  
He's worth perhaps ten cents a pound;  
But through the buyer's hands he'll  
pass,  
And then he's in the two-bit class.  
When at the packer's he arrives,  
He's out of reach of most housewives.  
From hand to hand he's passed along,  
With every move he's quoted "strong."  
Soon that dear lamb of modest worth  
Is just the dearest thing on earth.  
At last, upon the block impaled,  
He now is hoofless, but retailed  
At such a price, that, could he cry,  
His song would be, "Can this be I?"  
We gaze at him as we pass on,  
Somehow, our taste for mutton's gone.  
We purchase something else to eat,  
For lamb costs fifty cents a bleat.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Disarmament

The Powers are going to gather  
And hold a conference.  
It's high time somebody began to use  
some common sense.  
They are going to tell each other  
What we already know,  
That battleships are out of date  
And really ought to go.  
These costly bugaboos will soon  
Be broken into bits;  
The nations keep them just to scare  
The others into fits.  
For if we would destroy our foes,  
Blow them to kingdom come,  
We easily could do it  
With a small aerial bomb.  
Dawn will "come up like thunder"  
When the Far East question's sprung;  
But clouds will quickly pass away—  
Except above Shangtung.  
The vast Pacific ocean,  
California, and the Jap  
Will be discussed quite freely—  
But they must not mention Yap.  
The "far flung battle line" will stretch  
From India's coral strand  
Half round the world to Albion's  
shore—  
But, hands off Ireland!  
Exceptions only prove the rule  
And they may talk about  
The whole round earth, if they will  
leave  
The Monroe Doctrine out.  
"Discussion here is closed" you see,  
But we don't care for that;  
We want to see these armaments  
Knocked into a cocked hat!

MAY B. KNOTT.

## The Miser

We found the miser dying in a hovel  
by himself.  
He long had died to everything except  
his love of pelf.  
And now the worn out body, he had  
starved to feed his purse,  
Had failed him, and he gnashed his  
teeth, and muttered a low curse.  
"The keys!" he snarled, "go bring them  
here, and fetch me that small box;  
Who knows but some confounded thief  
has tampered with the locks."  
He seized the box with trembling  
hands. Key after key he turned,  
At last he reached the inmost drawer;  
his glazing eyeballs burned.  
"Safe, safe," he wheezed, "I've got  
them yet, my precious, precious  
store."

We watched in wild amazement to see  
him bending o'er  
His treasure chest. With greedy eyes  
he fingered o'er his wealth—  
Oh, many a night had found him thus,  
opening the box by stealth,  
To gloat upon his hidden share of what  
men strive for most;  
Without which e'en a kingly crown is  
but an idle boast.  
His dying hands relaxed their hold;  
his head sank on his breast,  
We lifted up the box and found—but  
surely you have guessed.  
We found the hoarded gems for which  
he sold his wretched soul—  
A little cube of sugar, and a little lump  
of coal.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## The Jitney

Alas for the jitney!  
The poor little jitney!  
It's barred from the streets so they  
say.  
O, well, we should worry!  
Why all this mad hurry?  
We'll travel the old-fashioned way,  
And ride on the street car,  
The slow-moving street car,  
The steady old street car that passes  
our way.  
The jitneys were fleeting,  
But cramped was the seating,  
We rather would hang on a strap  
Than ride in a jitney,  
A frolicsome jitney,  
With two hundred pounds in our lap.  
But some like the jitney,  
The joy-riding jitney,  
The pitch and toss jitney, at ten cents  
a throw;  
Their only diversion  
Is some such excursion;

But spite of all protests, the jitney  
must go.  
But autos may swagger,  
Run riot, and stagger,  
All over the thoroughfare stray,  
Knock down the pedestrians,  
And answer no questions,—  
Just step on the gas—and away!  
And we, in our folly,  
Who ride on the trolly,  
Are taxed for the pavement, alas!  
O'er which they may wander  
And gasoline squander,  
While jitneys are turned out to grass.  
There's one consolation;  
When we take our station  
And signal the trolley to stop,  
Limousines autocratic  
At once become static,  
As on to the platform we hop.  
They dare not rush past  
Till the gate is shut fast,—  
If they do we can summon a cop.

MAY B. KNOTT.

## Signs

Whene'er I take my walks abroad  
How many signs I see!  
They stretch along the way, and hide  
All signs of spring from me.  
I flee the town to seek the peace  
The countryside affords;  
Leave vexing board-bills far behind  
Only to find bill-boards.  
Here at the cross-roads used to be  
A fine view of a lake;  
'Tis hidden now behind a sign  
Advising us to take  
Our lunch at Chauncey's restaurant,  
Or sample Schilling's tea,  
Another begging us to see  
The "Why" of M. J. B.  
We turn the corner in despair  
And come upon that silly  
Old parrot trying to pronounce  
The name of Ghirardelli.  
I like to watch the alders turn  
From brown to palest green;  
But now between them and the car,  
Rises a ten-foot screen.  
Across the lake the mountains rear  
Their towering peaks, snow-clad,  
But we can only "see that hump"  
On that old Camel ad.  
Faster and faster yet, we flee,  
Only to find we've come  
So many miles to gaze upon  
The charms of Spearmint gum.  
If we discern signs of the times.  
In each far-reaching ad,  
We must agree it seems to be  
A sign the times are bad.

MAY B. KNOTT.



## The Old Year

I ran in to say good-bye to the Old Year, and found him packing up.

I stared about in dismay.

"It looks as if you were taking everything," I said.

"Oh, no," he answered with a whimsical smile, "I am leaving you a few things,

But there is really more rubbish than I thought.

I've sent for the junk man."

As my eyes wandered around the bare walls, I saw a set of New Year Resolutions in a handsome gilt frame.

"You see," said the Old Year, "you have something to start housekeeping on."

"Where are the rules of yester-year?" I asked

"Well, really, I don't know. But I'll leave you the new ones for a while.

I'll send round for them later.

You may need the wall space.

That will be just the place to hang the New Peace Treaty.

I hear they are going to have one framed up soon.

Oh, by the way, you will find an oil-painting of W. J. B. in the parlor.

I'm leaving that.

It wouldn't fit in anywhere, you know, but it was too good to throw away.

It's a fine canvas."

"Thank you," I said absently, "It might come in handy if we have a wet spell."

"Well, I hope you and the New Year will get on comfortably;

But be a bit careful how you treat him. His temper is a little uncertain."

I laughed and was bidding him good-bye when my glance fell at his feet and I saw that he was barefoot.

I felt a touch of pity for the Old Man, going out in the storm like that.

He caught my glance as it fell and handed it back to me.

"They said shoes were coming down next year, so I decided I'd wait," he explained.

"But you will get soaking wet," I cried. He gave a little Rye smile.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said and stepped out into the night.

Somehow I couldn't shut the door on the Old Man.

But I turned round and there was the Little New Year

Standing in the middle of the bare room,

Shivering, but smiling at me.

MAY B. KNOTT.









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